

A Body Treatise

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Succulent, beautiful and fine
I cover my body, feeling my mind
Fascination for penance, so please won't you modify me
With plastic knives and plastic spoons and other types of cutlery
With plastic knives and plastic spoons and other types of cutlery I said, yeah, yeah
Take what signifies, yeah, yeah
And make it leave this room, yeah, yeah
As sweet desire that wanna come in full bloom Held, held captive, our culture moulds our, our bodies hold
Held, held captive, target the role we, we have no control Passionate, tasteful and free
I mutilate myself to make it real
A heart beating in the wrong kind of chest
Hair and sweat and a manly messes, yeah, yeah Take what signifies, yeah, yeah
And make it leave this room, yeah, yeah
As sweet desire that wanna come in full bloom Held, held captive, our culture moulds, our, our bodies hold
Held, held captive, target the role we, we have no control Held, held captive, our culture moulds, our, our bodies
hold
Held, held captive, target the role we, we have no control I cut myself up to make it real
I cut myself up 'cause that's the way that I feel
I cut myself up to be free
I cut myself up to be me I cut myself up
I cut myself up
I cut myself up
I cut myself up to be me, to be me
To be free, to be free

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